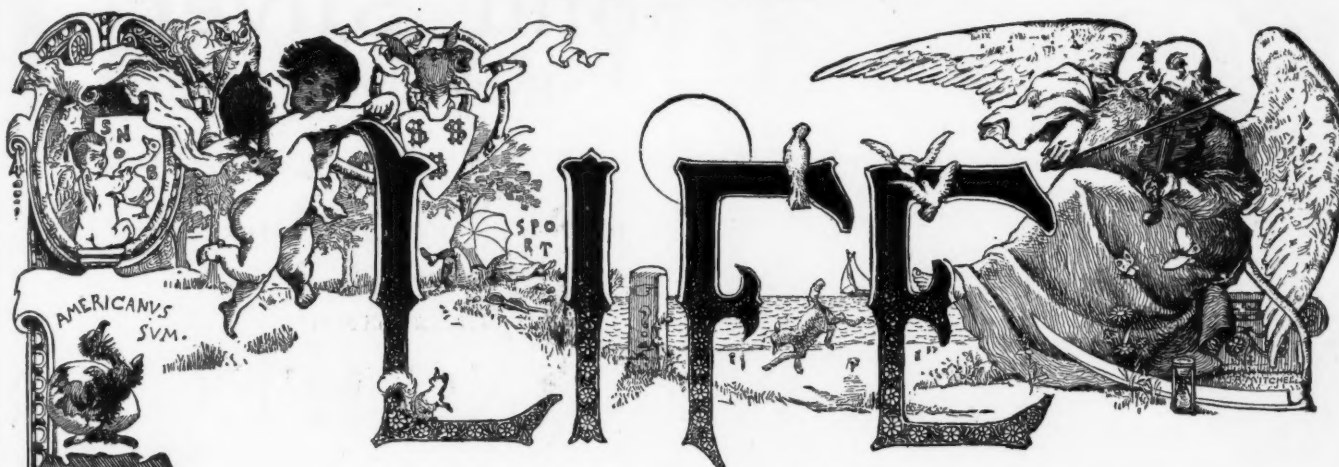


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THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

*Bishop Gullem:* YES, IT IS A GOOD WORK, AND I TRUST YOU BELIEVE IN MAINTAINING FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"INDEED I DO. WHY, PAPA SEES MR. CLEVELAND EVERY DAY ABOUT ONE!"

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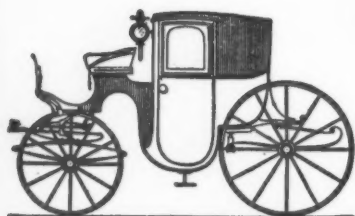
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West 23d St



*Young Husband:* DIDN'T I TELEGRAPH YOU NOT TO BRING YOUR MOTHER WITH YOU?  
*Young Wife:* THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU ABOUT. SHE READ THE DISPATCH.



"KATE, WHAT'S BECOME OF THE POROUS PLASTER I LEFT IN THAT DESK!"

"POROUS PLASTER! WHY I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS, AND I PUT IT ON A LETTER TO MA."

## DOUBTFUL.

"MY lips are, Oh, so chapped," said she.  
 "Why, glycerine is fine," quoth he.

"I haven't got a drop," she sighed.  
 "What difference does that make?" he cried.

"Ere I left home,"—his face grew gay—  
 "I put some on my lips to-day ;

And if, my dear, you will allow,  
 I'll make an application now."

She smiled, she pouted. "I don't know,"  
 She murmured to him soft and low :

"Say, do you think, they are *so* rough,  
 One application is enough?"

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: Why can't you stay at home this evening, George. Your employer can get along without you.

GEORGE: I know it, but I don't want him to find it out.



"CIVIL SERVICE."

THE old toper never objects to a good punch in the mouth.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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WHEREAS it is April, and Easter is past, and the new administration begins to feel settled, and the crocuses are up in ladies bonnets and other latitudes favorable for their development, it is not too soon for us, (with proper reservations of our winter flannels and like particulars) to open our arms to the glad Spring, and welcome the warm side of her to our bosoms. It is a curious trait of Spring, that, venerable as she is, her surprises never grow stale. Persons who have welcomed her sixty or seventy distinct times are just as enthusiastic over her sixty-first arrival as though it was her coming-out appearance. No female, with the single exception of Adelina Patti, is to be compared with her in this felicitous quality. The starting of the buds and the upheaval of green blades in the Park meadows are just as enlivening this year as though it was Creation's opening performance and the curtain had never fallen on anything more conclusive than a March rehearsal.



EVERYBODY feels pretty much the same about Spring, but if there is any class in the community that feels, if possible, more so, it is that which includes those of us who are trying to get along without doing any work. About the time the frost fetches permanently loose from the soil, the leisure class attains an intense realization that it has had a very exhausting winter. Those of its constituent members who, since Thanksgiving, have enjoyed the hospitality of their fellows in poor-houses and kindred institutions, welcome the returning warmth which makes mere merchandise of coal again, and hastens the hour when they can shake off a distasteful restraint, and start on their summer pilgrimage. Persons of kindred longings but more adequate means, dare at last to be conscious how tired they are of dances and dinners and Lenten pastimes, and set themselves industriously to ascertain which particular kind of change will fit in best with their capacities and afford their jaded constitutions the most relief. To lead an idle life is never quite the simple thing it seems to working people,

but from April to October, when out-of-doors is in session, it is a mere bagatelle compared with what it is from October to April. Horse has begun again now, and the country roads are drying up. Intending yachtmen begin to hurry their builders. Heads of urban families are already making pilgrimages of inspection to places by the sea. People with new clothing take it out and sun it on the avenues. Young fellows and maidens—what a time the Spring must always be, and is this year, with them, and how uncommonly hard it is just now to get them past a flower-shop.

\* \* \*

OF course Spring isn't the only thing that has happened, but it is so much the best thing and so much the most in everybody's mind, that it is the most vital subject to talk about. The cheerfulness of the other subjects—the Hasty Pudding Theatricals, the April weddings; the Naval Review and the desperate hustling at Chicago—are all part of it, and included in the consideration of the general subject.

\* \* \*



AND, by the way, any one who wants to do anything and have due notice taken of it, will please do it this month. This is the month to be married and to die in, to settle the fate of Hawaii, to fill all considerable offices, the tenancy of which requires discussion, to have the streets cleaned, and put everything in order. On May day the Fair begins, and will last six months, and we will be expected to talk about it and nothing else (except possibly a general railroad strike) as long as it lasts.

Conversely, if any one has planned any action that he does not care to have discussed, his chance will come after May first. Then will be a good time to settle the silver question, to make a lot of appointments (if so many should be necessary), to get Congress together and fix the tariff, to reform the Pension Bureau, to rehorse the Fifth Avenue Stages, to kill pool-selling, to abolish prayers at Yale, to take effectual measures against cholera, to eliminate professionalism from college athletics, and to do all the other jobs that everybody wants to see done, and no one wants to clamor over any more.

And if any Americans who have had the hardihood to plan to go abroad this summer will wait until the Fair opens, they can probably slip off unobserved. Much more attention is likely to be given this season to the people who come into the country than to those who go out. If one could but spare the time, it would be interesting to go abroad, since not for a generation has there been such a chance to see Europe as it must have been and looked half a century or so ago, before its discovery by the Americans.



## IGNORANCE IS POVERTY.

TATTERED TOM: Well, I'm dummed!

RAGGED ROBERT: Wot's ther matter? Ain't them soup tickets good?

TATTERED TOM: I wisht I'd paid more attention to me studies when I was young. Here I've tramped forty blocks to a soup house an' th' woman inside says them tickets calls fer soap.

PASSER-BY (*to small gamin, crying*): What's the matter, sonny?

SMALL GAMIN: Micky hit me because I ain't Irish.

## ONE WAY OF ACQUIRING A SUPPLY OF FUEL.



## THE GOBBLE-UN GETS HIM.

'BOUT oncet a year Jim Riley writes a book o' verse ter sell, An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it mighty well; His pomes are plain 'nd common, like the folks 'emselves I guess, With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sort er tenderness 'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes its somehow beat in time With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his rhyme; So you who like the potery you c'n read 'nd think about Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got

a  
new  
book  
out.

There's a heap o' verse gits written in this kentry now-a-days, But it's mostly ca'culated to be used to make a blaze; It's aimed above the people's heads instid of at their hearts, Its message is Philosophy's, its beauty all is Art's, And the poets, them as writes it, I suppose they wonder why When they print they're high-flown verses there ain't nobody ter buy; But oncet a year go in the shops 'nd hear the book-folks shout To the potery people: "Riley's got

a  
new  
book  
out."

And in "Green Fields and Running Brooks" he warbles like a bird What knows the message of the dawn, the wind's and water's word, Here's songs of love and natur' and joy and grief and jest All genuine 'nd warranted—none printed but the best. Of course we like *some* other potes besides this Hoosier Jim, But there ain't no other one of 'em 'at 'zactly matches him. Some says they ain't *no* poets now, but *I* ain't got no doubt, While I can hear 'at Riley's got

a  
new  
book  
out.

## A WISE BOY.

STRANGER: Is the editor in?

OFFICE BOY: What do you want to see him about?







*First Fair One:* SO FRED AND ARTHUR BOTH PROPOSED TO HER. WHICH WAS THE LUCKY ONE?  
*The Other Fair One:* I DON'T KNOW YET. FRED MARRIED HER.

#### GOING TO THE THEATRE.

SHE had kissed the baby for the last time until she returned, and then kissed him again. She had carefully locked every door in the house and all the windows. She had turned the gas to the exact point at which it was to be left until her return. She had attended to the furnace and warned Bridget not to meddle with it for fear of fire. She had explained to that functionary the use of the burglar alarm, the fire alarm and the watchman's rattle. She had put the cat and dog in the cellar and had wrapped a newspaper around the canary's cage. She had put a gossamer over her new sealskin sacque, although it was starlight, because as she informed her husband "She never expected to get another one—they would end in the poor-house she knew." And then she was ready.

She locked the inside door and tried it.

Then she locked the outside door and tried it.

Then she opened the outside door and tried the inside door again.

Then she locked the outside door again, tried it and they started.

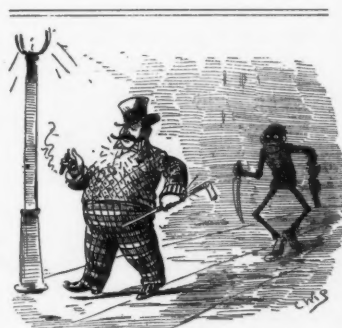
They had proceeded two blocks and her husband had almost forgotten his craving for a good round swear, when she suddenly stopped.

"John," she said, "I must go back and tell Bridget to be sure not to wake the baby up unless he wakes himself."

*Tom Hall.*

DEPENDS on the whether.—The engagement.

A RASH affair.—Scarlet fever.



"FOLLOWING SUIT."



## AN ELEGIAC POET.

IT was a theory of the late Artemus Ward that a comic paper ought to publish a joke now and then. This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. Still it is not easy to be very funny, punny or sunny about "The Poems of William Watson" (Macmillan). He, himself, is not a fellow of infinite jest; although those delicate humorists, the newspaper paragraphers, have discovered a source of innocent merriment in the poet's recent attack of insanity; during which he held up the Duke of Edinburgh's carriage, near Windsor Castle, and, when taken into custody, announced that "Milton was Samson reincarnated, and that he himself was reincarnated Milton."

Some foundation for this last claim exists in the likeness, detected by Mr. R. H. Hutton, between "Lycidas" and Watson's "Lachrymae Musarum," the best of the many verse obituaries of Tennyson, for which the poet received £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund. It is also a very humorous circumstance concerning William Watson, that he has been mentioned for the laureateship. The thought of this position, and of the rival aspirants for it, is a joy forever to the newspaper funny man.

This reprint makes accessible to American readers the fine and solid work of an artist who was already known to many in this country by his "Wordsworth's Grave," an elegy nobly written, and in the quatrains which Gray long since associated with elegiac verse. If Watson should win the official bays, his garland would not unfitly be entwined with the dismal yew. For his inspiration comes not seldom from the tomb, and his poetry is prevailingly of the mortuary, or at least of the memorial kind. "In Laleham Churchyard," "At the Grave of Charles Lamb," and "Shelley's Centenary," are characteristic titles; and it was sadly significant of the bent of his mind that, when madness took him, he insisted upon his brother's accompanying him from Windsor to Matthew Arnold's grave at Laleham, ten miles away.

Watson's masters are Wordsworth and Arnold—Arnold, perhaps, more than Wordsworth. For his poetry is literary, *i. e.*, it deals not so much with life as with the interpreters of life, and belongs in the same class with Arnold's "Obermann," "Heine's Grave" and "In Rugby Chapel." This poetry about poets is almost the most modern province annexed to the realm of song; and if not quite within the region of creative art, is close upon the border. For the emotional record of the impression made by one poet's soul upon another is not mere criticism, like the verse essays of Pope. "Wordsworth's Grave" includes a survey of English poetry for a hundred years before the "Lyrical Ballads," but such a stanza as the following is not analysis or characterization only; it is impassioned thought—that is, it is poetry:

"What hadst thou that could make so large amends  
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,  
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—  
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest."

In verse like this—these funeral flowers, these "elegiac blooms"—and in such lyrics as "The Great Misgiving," "World-Strangeness," "Autumn," and "The Things that are More Excellent," will be found this poet's most individual offering to English poetry.

Henry A. Beers.

## NEW BOOKS.

*A ROMAN SINGER.* By Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

*A Golden Wedding and Other Tales.* By Ruth McEnery Stewart. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*Plato and Platonism.* By Walter Pater. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

*Sacharissa.* By Julia Cartwright. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Love's Cruel Enigma.* By Paul Bourget. Translation by Julian Cray. New York and St. Louis: The Waverly Company.

*Keith Deramore.* By the author of "Miss Molly." New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

*Tropical America.* By Isaac N. Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Art for Art's Sake.* By John C. Van Dyke, L. H. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Time and Tide.* By A. S. Roe. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*Under the Rose.* By the author of "East Lynne." New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*Volney Randolph.* By James Robertshaw. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*St. Leger.* By Richard B. Kimball. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*John Applegate, Surgeon.* By Mary Harriott Norris. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

*From One Generation to Another.* By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*The Marplot.* By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

*The Real Thing and Other Tales.* By Henry James. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

*Dr. Paul's Theory.* By Mrs. A. M. Diehl. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Second Book of Verse.* By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

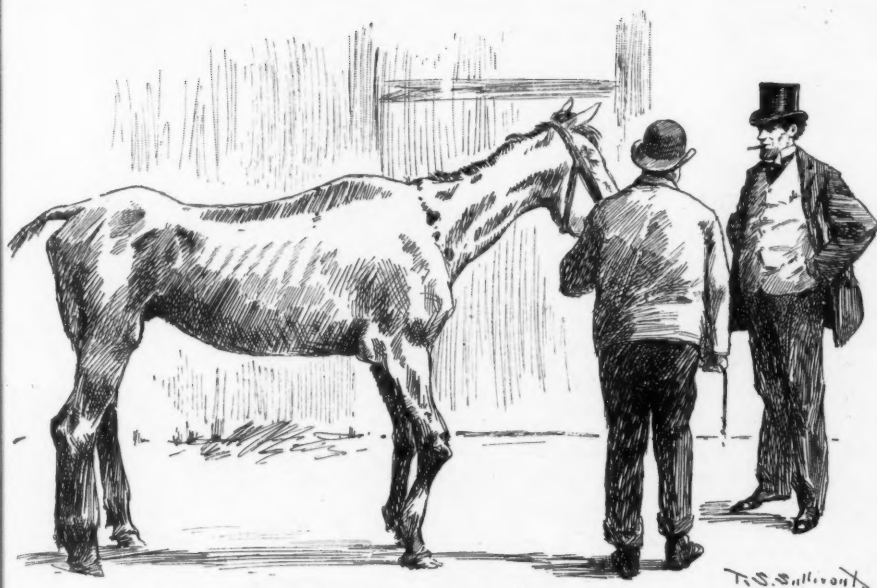
*A Leafless Spring.* By Ossip Schubin. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



## TRUST THEM NOT.

"SO! HE WAS ONLY APRIL FOOLING ME AFTER ALL!"





*Agent for Fifth Ave. Stage Co.: WHAT AILS HIM?*

*Dealer: WELL, I HAVEN'T EXAMINED HIM THOROUGHLY YET, BUT SO FAR, I FIND HE ONLY HAS HEAVES, RING-BONE, ELEPHANTIASIS, SPAVIN, SPRING-HALT, SCRATCHES, SWINNEY AND PINK EYE.*

*Agent for the Co.: THEN HE'S TOO EXPENSIVE A HORSE FOR US.*

#### A CHANGE OF TONE.

**B**ELLA (*leaning over her father's chair and putting her arm around his neck*): You dear, sweet, old papa, you've been very good to your little girl since her engagement.

MR. HYDE (*kissing her*): I'm always glad to make my sunbeam happy.

BELLA: Ah, I know that! And you've given me *such* an elegant sealskin sack; and dresses; and hats; and *such* lovely diamonds; and everything you could think of.

MR. HYDE (*complacently*): Yes, I want you to have a good send-off.

BELLA: You have been perfectly lovely, and your little pet appreciates it. She will be awfully sorry to leave you.

MR. HYDE: It is hard to lose you, dear; but you have the right to be happy. I only want you to think, sometimes, of your foolish, indulgent old father, and remember that he did everything he could to make home pleasant for you before you left him in his lonely old age.

BELLA: Oh, you dear, sweet papa! What would you say if I didn't leave you after all?

MR. HYDE (*starting*): Eh!

BELLA: How can I be so selfish after you have been so good to me, and done everything for me? I don't care so very, very much for George! I'm going to tell him it was all a mistake, and that he can find somebody else, for I'm always going to stay home and be papa's own dear little girl! . . . And then, you can give me nice things *all the time*!

MR. HYDE (*in great alarm*): Good Lord, Bella! what are you talking about! Don't be so silly; you'll never get another such a chance! You marry George next month, and no foolin' about it!

*Harry Romaine.*

**R**ECTOR (*to choir master*): We don't have enough congregational singing to suit the church members.

CHOIR MASTER: No. It ought to be kept up throughout the sermon.

**I**N last week's LIFE, which was published on Tuesday, appeared a paragraph making the late Elliot F. Shepard the subject of a not ill-natured jest. Col. Shepard died suddenly on the preceding Friday, when the greater portion of LIFE's edition had already left the press, and was in the hands of the binder. Under the circumstances, it was impossible to delay publication, even though some people, who do not consider the mechanical necessities in the production of an elaborately illustrated journal, might ascribe to LIFE a bad taste and uncharitableness, of which it has never been guilty. Of Col. Shepard, alive and dead, many kind things have been said and written. To his friends and associates he showed a kindly and sympathetic side of his nature, which makes his sudden death a sincere affliction in which they have LIFE's sincerest sympathy.

**T**HE Barnum circus, perennially gorgeous and perennially greater than ever before, is with us again. It is a pity that the exigencies of the Columbian year make necessary a repetition of last year's spectacle, but the management does its best to make up for this by improvements in other departments. Even yet the spirit of the lamented Barnum seems to guide successfully the proud creation of his lifetime.

**T**HE *Sun* has come out in favor of office-seeking and the office-seekers. The popular idea of the office-seeker is that he devotes all his time and energy to looking out for his own interests, and it is difficult to understand why he needs an advocate. But it is said that much of the *Sun's* venom comes from once disappointed ambitions in the office-seeking line, and perhaps this is only an instance of a fellow-feeling making a newspaper wondrous kind.



ON THE  
THIS IS ABOUT HOW IT SEEMS TO THE



C.D. Gibson

THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

TO THE POINT OF INTEREST, THE BRIDE AND GROOM.





## THE SILENT BATTLE.

ANY one who has gone through a course of training as a spectator of the performances given by that remarkable concern known as the Theatre of Arts and Letters, might with composure sit through the first act of "The Silent Battle." The piece is Mr. Isaac Henderson's dramatisation of his novel "Agatha Page" and is played at the Standard Theatre by Mr. Charles Frohman's "Comedians." The first act is as talky as anything yet produced by the concern mentioned above, but with the essential difference that in this case the talkiness is not clever dialogue but explanatory conversation needful to the understanding of the plot. In the second act the action begins to show itself and the spectator is inclined to think that after all he was justified in not going away after the first fall of the curtain. It contains some entertaining comedy, especially the love scene between *Gaeta* and *John Dow*. In the third act the real strength of the play is developed, and at the end the impression is that if a lot of the talk could be chopped out, "The Silent Battle" might be better than the average semi-emotional drama.

In casting his "Comedians" in a play of this nature, Mr. Frohman evidently uses their title in the broader sense. Their work hitherto has been confined to humorous material, and the present production is much to the credit of the company's versatility.

As usual, the bulk of the work falls upon the shoulders of Mr. Joseph Holland, and, as usual, they are fully equal to the burden. With every new part in which Mr. Holland appears, comes additional proof of the fact that he is about the best-equipped and most conscientious of our younger actors. Just what are Miss Grace Henderson's capabilities has always been an open question. In the first part of the play her acting is angular and unsympathetic, but in the last she fully sustains her right to the position of leading lady by a most artistic and not over-acted presentation of a strongly emotional scene. The *Filippo* of the piece might perhaps be worse acted, but it certainly could not be worse dressed or more ridiculously made up. The other parts are well sustained, and the mounting of the piece leaves little to be desired.

Metcalf.

## A VETERAN.

PRIMUS: Fanning lost his arm at Malvern Hill, but Jobson—why should he have a pension?

SECUNDUS: Well, er—you know he lost his head at Manassas.

## SUDDEN DEATH.

THERE was a man named Peter Poke  
Whose taste was very bad,  
He bought a gorgeous necktie once  
Which made his friends all sad.

He wore this necktie out one day  
Along a country road,  
There was a bull, whose presence there  
No good to him did bode.

Now when that bull beheld that tie  
Did he rush unaware,  
And did he toss poor Peter Poke  
Right up into the air?

Oh, no. When he saw Peter Poke  
He lifted up his head,  
But when he caught sight of that tie  
He simply dropped down dead.

Tom Masson.

## IT WOULD BE NECESSARY.

FRIEND: Do you think you will marry a rich girl?  
POET: I'll have to if I keep on in this business.



"HAVE YOU THANKED UNCLE CHARLES FOR YOUR DOG YET, FREDDIE?"

"YES; BUT I OUGHT ER HAD IT ANYWAY; I'VE BEEN PRAYIN' FOR A DOG THE LAST TWO MONTHS."

SHE HAD BEEN TOLD OF ONE.

WHILE they sewed for the bazaar the conversation had turned to the subject of Woman, her rights and wrongs; what she should do and be, and what she should *not*; the merits and shortcomings of a good many absent friends not being neglected.

"Oh, well," remarked Mrs. Noft, as she finished stitching a fourteen inch collar on to a night shirt that would otherwise have fitted John L. Sullivan; and began basting a sleeve in the wrong armhole of a child's dress, which from its unnatural proportions was evidently intended for a new variety of humanity—"Oh, well! no doubt there never was an altogether perfect woman. Did you ever hear of one Mrs. Meek?"

"Yes," quietly replied a patient-looking little woman who had not been taking much part in the discussion, "there was one—I've often heard of her—but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

COBBLE: How on earth did those trousers get twisted around your legs so?

STONE: I have been in Boston and tried to find my way around the streets.



Mrs. F.: I THINK I'LL SELECT THIS ONE. IT WILL BE A GREAT SURPRISE TO JOHN.

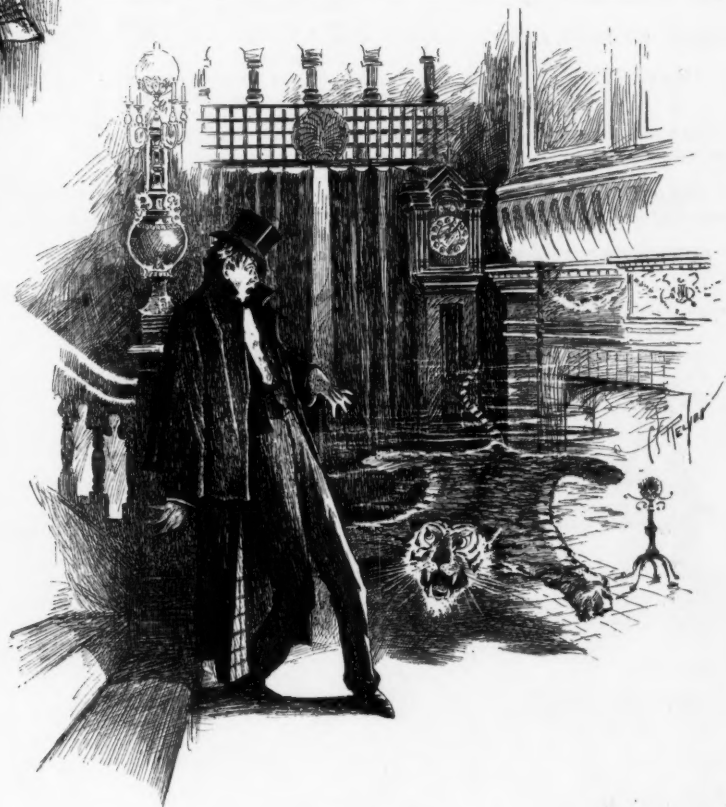
THE LOST THOUGHT.

INTO a rapture of sunshine  
Just at the noon of the day,  
From the cage of my weary mind  
A little thought flew away.

I traced it into the ether,  
Far into the blue of naught,  
O—hé! Since that hour, bewildered,  
That little lost thought I've sought.

Evasive, mockingly airy,  
It flutters elusive wing.  
O—hé! That I cannot coax it  
Again in its cage to sing.

Johanna Staats.



2 A. M.—JOHN'S SURPRISE.



# HIS LOCATION.

It was the old, sweet tale of love returned.  
I fancied she loved me—for her I yearned—  
Yearned with a yearn I never can forget.  
Have yearned, since then, a score of times, and yet  
This was the strongest yearn I ever had.  
To waste a yearn like mine did seem too bad.  
Her heart, I begged and tried my best to win it,  
But, laughingly, she said I wasn't in it.

—Jake Adeigh.

MRS. HARDUPPE: I should think you might let me take this household paper, Tom. It only costs a dollar a year, you know.

MR. HARDUPPE: If that were all, I could afford it, perhaps, but you would be sure to try some of the recipes for making over some of your old dresses without expense, and we never could afford that in the world.—*Somerville Journal*.

"HENRY!" said Mr. Cleveland to his private secretary.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"What's all that racket in the lobby?"

"I'll go and see, sir."

Back numbers of LIFE can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$20.00. Vols. II., VIII., XIII. and XIV., \$20.00 each, bound. Vols. VII., X., XI., XII. and XVI., \$15.00 each, bound. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., IX., XVII. and XVIII., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. XIX. and XX., \$5.00 each. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

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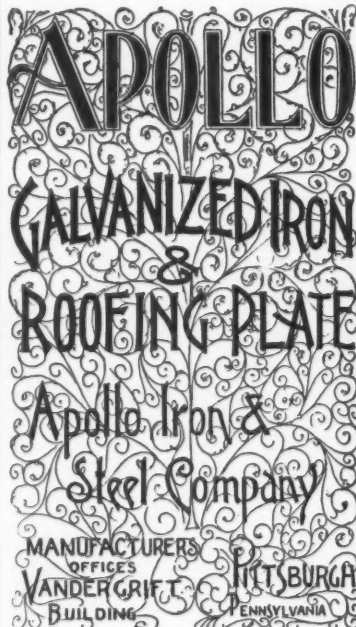
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